

## Egyptian Phone Operators

It is interesting to note that versatility in languages is required of the telephone operators in Egypt. They are expected to be able to speak English, French, Italian, Greek and Arabic in order to get a position.



## Magazine Page



## This Day in History

THIS is the anniversary of the death, in 1842, of Thomas Arnold, master of Rugby School, and, as such, one of the greatest educational forces of his time. He worked hard between the rich and poor.

# Rex Beach's Vivid Love Story THE AUCTION BLOCK Illustrated By Charles Dana Gibson

**A Realistic Romance Wherein Poverty and Millions Walk Side by Side in Strange Places.**

By Rex Beach.

Author of "The Spoilers," "The Silver Horde," "The Barrier," "Heart of the Sunset" and Numerous Other Popular Novels.

LORELEI'S breathless amazement at the meeting was on greater than her brother's. "Sir! What the devil are you doing here?" he managed to say. One of the men who had been kneeling over a case of some sort, dimly outlined in the radiance of a side-light, rose and placed his burden in the tonneau.

"I'm ready," he announced.

## A Nervous Young Man.

Young Knight showed some nervousness and apprehension—emotions which his companions, judging by their alert watchfulness, fully shared. Jim seized his sister by the arm and led her aside.

"How the deuce did you get here—and who is this guy?" He jerked his head toward Merkle.

Lorelei introduced her companion and made known the cause of their present plight.

"Humph!" grunted Jim. "What do you suppose I'll say to this—you out all night with a man?"

"What are you doing? Who are those people?" she retorted.

"Never mind. But say—I don't like the looks of this affair."

For a second time Merkle appealed to Jim. "If you can't take your sister home I'll have to telephone for another car."

Jim's tone was disagreeable as he replied: "You two don't look as if you'd been wrecked. Where's your driver?" Merkle's fist clenched; he muttered something, at which Jim laughed harshly.

"Now, don't get sore," said the latter. "I'm not going to make trouble, only I want to know where you've been."

A bare-headed man came running across the lawn and flung himself into the waiting automobile. One of Jim's companions called his name sharply.

"Will you take me home?" his sister implored.

"Can't do it. I'll see you later, and you, too, Merkle." His last words, delivered as he swung himself upon the running-board of the car, sounded like a threat; a moment later, and the machine had disappeared into the night.

"Him-m! Your brother has a suspicious mind," Merkle said. "I hope he won't make you any trouble."

"He can't make trouble for me," Lorelei's emphasis on the last word made her meaning clear; her companion shrugged.

"Then there's no harm done, I assure you."

They turned in upon the driveway, walking silently, then as they neared the Chateau they became aware of an unusual commotion in progress there. Men were running from stable to garage, others were scouring the grounds; from the open door came a voice pitched high in anger. The speaker was evidently beside himself with wrath. He was shouting orders to scurrying attendants, and abusing the manager, who hovered near him in a frantic but futile effort at pacification.

The enraged person proved to be Jarvis Hammon. He was hatless, purple-faced, shaken with combative fury. At first the two newcomers thought he was dangerously drunk, but, as they mounted to the tiled terrace which served as an outdoor dining-place they saw their mistake. Recognizing Merkle, Hammon's manner changed instantly.

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Drawn By Charles Dana Gibson.

Lorelei finds the much-talked-about Adoree Demorest is a very human sort of girl, not at all like the pictures popular fancy and the press agent have painted.

"What's happened?"

"Blackmail, or worse. I hardly know, myself. These ruffians put up something on me—they're all in it, even the manager."

The latter, a sleek Frenchman with ferocious mustaches and

frightened eyes, wrung his hands in supplication.

"M'sieu 'Ammon," he bleated, "you ruin me. Soch accusation is terrible. But wait. Calmness. The man will be caught."

"Caught, hell!" roared the steel magnate. "You know who he is.

Give him to me. How did he get in here if you didn't know him? How did he get his camera fixed without your knowledge? I'll have your scalp for this. I'll close this place and the city place, too."

A uniformed door-man appeared with a smoking

lantern in his hand, and Hammon wheeled upon him. "Well! Did you find him?"

"We can't find nobody. There was a car outside the grounds, but it's gone now."

Merkle interposed. "Will you tell me what has happened?"

**A Graphic Story of Metropolitan Stage Life and a Beautiful Girl's Great Sacrifice.**

"It is terrible, incredible."

"Same old story, John. I came out here for a quiet supper with a lady. I've been coming here regularly. They got us into a private room, then took a flash-light, and—there you are. I made a rush for the waiter as soon as I realized what had occurred, but he'd skipped. Everybody's skipped, photographer and all. Nobody knows anything. Blamedest bunch of idiots I ever saw."

He ground his teeth.

Lorelei, who had remained in the background, turned suddenly sick at memory of that mysterious party at the gate; she understood now the significance of the man with the box and the fleeing figure that had come through the darkness.

The terrified manager continued his heartbroken lament, and Hammon seemed about to destroy him when Merkle drew the latter aside, speaking in an undertone.

Hammon listened briefly, then broke out:

"Nonsense. I'd stake my life on her. Why, she's prostrated. It's either pure blackmail, or it's my wife's work. She's had detectives on me for some time."

Merkle murmured something more. "Oh, come now! I know what I'm talking about, and I won't stand for that," cried Hammon.

Merkle shrugged; his next words were audible, and they were both sharp and incisive.

"The harm's done. They get away clean. Now we've got to kill the story and kill it quick in case they intend it for the papers."

"My God! Newspapers—at this time," groaned the other. "It couldn't be worse."

"Right. We must move fast. Is your car here?"

"Yes."

"Get it. We'll go in with you. I had an accident to mine."

"You'll see for yourself that you're wrong—about the other."

Hammon jerked his head meaningly toward the house, then strode away to order the motor.

Merkle favored his young companion with a wintry smile.

"It seems we're too late."

Lorelei nodded silently. "Don't tell him who spoke to us out there. Not yet, at least. I—can't see him go to jail."

"Jail? There won't be any jail to this—there never is. Jarvis will have to settle for the sake of the rest of us."

Hammon's limousine rolled in under the porte-cochere, and a moment later the owner appeared with Lila.

Lorelei stared at her friend in genuine surprise, for it was obvious that Lila was deeply agitated. Her face was swollen with weeping; she verged upon hysteria. No sooner was the four in the car and under way than she broke down, sobbing wretchedly.

"It's all my fault. I might have known he was up to something; but I didn't think he'd dare—"

she managed to say.

"He? Who?" Merkle asked her.

"Max Melcher. This is his doing."

"What makes you think so?"

"He as much as told me. If I hadn't been a fool I'd have guessed, but he—"

She burst into strangled sobs and hysterical laughter.

"Why did you let him come to the dressing-room?" Lorelei inquired.

"He's been doing it for years. I've always—known him. We were engaged."

Hammon verified this. "That's right. They were engaged when I met her. She didn't know the sort of ruffian he is till I proved it. She's afraid of him, and he knows it."

(Copyright, 1914, by Harper & Sons.)  
(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

## Fresh Cherry Pie

TARTS AND CHERRY ROLLS ARE DELICIOUS.

By Loretto C. Lynch.

An Acknowledged Expert in All Matters Pertaining to Household Management.

WHO is there who does not enjoy cherry picking time? And who is there that does not look forward to the time of fresh cherry pie, and tarts and cherry rolls, and cherry preserve, and the other good things to be made from the luscious cherry?

Cherries warm from the sunshine, just plucked from the tree, should be served "en branches" on a bed of their own leaves on the table. When they have come a long distance, however, they should be chilled before serving.

To make a cherry pie, first pit enough cherries to well fill pie plate you are to use. If you decide to use an under crust, paint it over with white of egg and put it into the oven a moment to set before placing upon it the cherries. This will prevent the soaking

incident to too many cherry pies.

A very satisfactory pie paste within the ability and the purse of the average housewife of cherry two-thirds of a measuring cup of shortening into two cups of fine pie tastes, is made by chopping pastry flour which has been sifted with half a teaspoon of salt. A wooden chopping bowl and double-edged knife are best.

After the shortening has been chopped into the flour, moisten with ice water to a paste just moist enough to be rolled out. Roll out lightly and fill before placing in the hot oven. The cherries should be sweetened and mixed with fine bread crumbs before being placed in the pie. Half a cup of bread dust will be about right for two cups of pitted cherries.

Paint over the top crust with the yolk of an egg diluted with a little cold water. This will give the rich brown shiny crust found in all first-class caterer's products. Cherry rolls are an old-fashioned dish which some of the dieticians of today frown upon, but for the healthy normal digestion it should not prove disastrous especially if served in conservative quantities.

For four or six portions, mix and sift several times, one measuring cup of sifted pastry flour with two level teaspoons of baking powder and two level tablespoons of powdered sugar and one-fourth level teaspoon of salt. Rub in two level tablespoons of butter and cut in sufficient milk or water to make a soft dough.

Pat out lightly into a rectangle about one-fourth inch in thickness. Paint over with melted butter and spread with sweetened pitted cherries. Roll like a jelly roll and tie up in a greased cloth and steam for two hours. Serve hot in slices with a sauce made from pitted cherries stewed in water and sweetened and thickened with a little cornstarch or flour stirred in cold water.

A hard sauce, made by rubbing together two level tablespoons of butter with an equal quantity of powdered sugar and a few grains of nutmeg may be served with this as well as the other sauce.

**Iced! "SALADA" TEA**

simply and cheaply made and yet the most refreshing beverage known

## THE RHYMING OPTIMIST

By Aline Michaelis

Flypaper Days.

O H, I know it is May by the flowers, by the patter of sweet-scented showers, by the "buzz" that I hear sounding close to my ear from this tame little house fly of ours! All the screens in the windows are tight, all the doors fit exceedingly tight, yet he comes creeping in though we hate him like sin, for our home is his special delight. So we've come to the flypaper days, and the house is a tangled maze; it's a mighty wise fly that can hope to get by, since we wait him wherever he strays. I am not a mathematical freak, as an adding machine I am weak, but I know Mister Fly can soon multiply that he'll make all good housekeepers shriek. Now he lights upon grandpa's bald pate, where he skates at a furious rate, there's the Hindoo, a kind-hearted chap, who will not catch a mouse in a trap; he will not kill a bug nor a moth in a rug, nor give a mosquito a slap. All the insects, large, middling and small; all the creatures that hop, creep and crawl, come right into his home and cavort on his dome. Does the Hindoo object? Not at all! So I claim Mister Fly would be wise if he'd sail to that land where they think he is grand and invite him to sit on the pie. As for me, I'm a murderous guy, and I wonder with blood in my eye. I go forth with a gun to destroy every one, and my slogan's "Good bye to the fly!"

Know That—

For a man to laugh in Persia is considered effeminate. There are no restrictions of female merriment.

Silk is the cheapest form of clothing material in Madagascar, where even the poorest women are clad in that material.

Kd Klux Klan is derived from the Greek Kluks, and the "Klan" being added to increase the alliterative force of the name.

I can do it in six weeks with a newspaper campaign and in six months in the magazines.

"All right! How would a year go?"

Mr. Rockhill fairly snapped it, as if he were afraid to add amiability to the business concession he was making.

"I want to help you to hosiery business, and your lingerie on a basis here in America comparable to your South American trade."

"So far you stand not as home-traders, but as exporters of stockings and importers of lingerie, don't you?"

"You're well informed, aren't you?"

Mr. Rockhill's voice crackled. I wondered if he weren't hanging on to this grim manner from a youthful fear of admitting too much knowledge to someone else.

"It's my business to know your business if I'm going to help you enlarge it," I said, refraining from snapping up his offer of a year's trial with the panting eagerness I felt.

"It's evident enough you've been working in good faith. You took it for granted we'd work that way, too. What do you say to a year's contract?"

"On the old 10 per cent basis?" I asked quietly—instead of giving an Indian war whoop.

"We can afford to make it that

## When A Girl Marries

AN ABSORBING SERIAL OF EARLY WEDDED LIFE.

By Ann Lisle,

WHEN Mr. Rockhill gave me carte blanche to "go on talking" I knew that he had invited me to convince him—if I could. I realized that this was my big chance to make good for business. Tony was going to secure me the plan which would enable me to float the business—now it was my job to assure myself of a business to "float."

While I was getting ready to march my facts, Mr. Rockhill spoke again: "Do you know your business as well as you talk it?"

"Better, I hope," I smiled back, assuming the easy air of one sure of victory. "If I don't now, I will shortly, for I love this advertising and publicity game and I'm going to study it from every angle."

"Good! But don't take on too many clients. If you can put us on the map so folks right here in the home territory will ask for our stockings as naturally as brides and grooms gravitate to Niagara Falls."

They say that nothing succeeds like success. So I, gaining courage, ventured a step further than I had planned.

"Why not make the interesting proposition now?" I asked. "Give me a decent apartment and carte blanche and let me edit your copy and handle it for one month as I see fit. I've the inside track at Haldane's and the Star. We might try those two media for one month. Though, of course, a magazine can't produce measurable results in a single issue's advertising."

"If you had a year I suppose you'd produce—measurable results," drawled Mr. Rockhill tauntingly.

"I can do it in six weeks with a newspaper campaign and in six months in the magazines."

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## EGGS OF GREAT FOOD VALUE

By Brice Belden, M. D.

NEXT to milk, eggs are probably the most valuable single food. Their richness in albumin, fat, vitamins, iron, phosphorus and lime, not to speak of lecithin, which plays a great part in the building up and activities of the nervous system, makes them most important from the standpoint of nutrition and energy output.

It is really quite foolish to buy expensive preparations containing iron, phosphorus, albumin, lecithin, etc., when much better results can be secured with fresh or well preserved eggs.

According to Gobley, the yolk of the egg contains 7.5 per cent of lecithin. Eggs, should, therefore, be utilized in cases of nervous depression, neurasthenia and other affections of the nervous system, especially as associated with malnutrition.

They cause very little secretion of saliva and are likely to coagulate in the stomach. Soft-boiled eggs are the most digestible. Hard-boiled eggs are not so indigestible as popularly supposed, but it is essential that they be well masticated.

Rubber says that hard-boiled eggs are as well assimilated as meat. They have an advantage over meat as a source of protein in the food in that they contain no injurious extractives.

For anemia, tuberculosis and after exhausting diseases, eggs are excellent. In the diet of children they aid in the prevention of tuberculosis.

"One's plenty. Why were you going to fire me?"

To my astonishment he replied immediately without a sign of hesitancy.

"One of our organization—I'm not saying which—thought we'd make a 'go' of it without any temperamental woging. I'm not saying who it was who objected to you. May have been me. But I tell you now, so you'll realize how a traitor's efficient manner and a grasp of the subject counts and outweighs personal prejudices."

"Thank you," I said. "I'll try not to accumulate any more prejudices as we go along. And now good day."

"Hold on a minute," cried Mr. Rockhill almost briskly. "There's no reason why you should be working in the dark. I said I'd allow you two questions. I thought you might like to know who our backer—our largest stockholder is. He can't have any objection to your knowing now that I've got you practically under contract. You'd find out anyway at the first directors' meeting you attend."

I felt almost as if the snobbish Mr. Rockhill were unbending—were offering me something between an explanation and an apology.

"I'm grateful to you for knowing that you can trust me," I answered, wondering if more was expected of me in response to the signal favor of being given a confidence by this rather snub but unexpectedly friendly young man.

This time he really did smile.

"You're one of us now. It's up to you to keep our secrets. Yelda is A-D-L-E-Y when you read it backward. Add the first two letters, H-O and you have our backer's name."

"Hondley?" I gasped almost under my breath.

"Correct," Mr. Rockhill smiled. "To be continued Tuesday."

Use Cuticura and Have Lustrous Hair

Regular shampoos with Cuticura Soap will keep your scalp clean and healthy. Before shampooing touch spots of dandruff and itching, if any, with Cuticura Ointment. A healthy scalp means thick, glossy hair.

Small Back Free to All. Address: "Cuticura Soap, Dept. 107, Boston, Mass." Full size 25c. Small size 10c. Cuticura Soap shaves without razor.

## For Small Children

ROMPERS IN ATTRACTIVE MODELS.

By Rita Stuyvesant.

FOR the child of one to four there is nothing so serviceable as a romper, and this season finds models attractive and practical.

Silk pongee in natural color makes a cunning romper for a child of three or four, when one adds a bit of hand smocking in a contrasting color, a pretty collar and a narrow belt. The child under three will find the creeper model that buttons across from knee to knee more practical, and the older child might have the bloomer model.

A practical beach romper comes in chambray, in pink, blue or tan trimmed with white. Little straight step-in panties are attached to a straight upperwaist and a square collar of white is finished with a frilled edge which continues down the front. The knees are cuffed with self-material and piped in white.

The baby of one to two years prefers a cunning creeper romper, buttoning between the knees, that comes in white poplin smocked in pink, blue or white. Many mothers prefer the all white poplin romper for the baby, because it may be boiled when soiled without losing color.

An adorable romper is shown up to the four-year size of soisette in pink, blue or yellow, with a nursery design applied and hand-embroidered. The round neck and sleeveless armholes are finished with white ruffles hemstitched in matching colors. Ducks, chickens, Mother Goose and other nursery figures cut from cretonne or contrasting

colors are used on the bloomers. Cretonne in small patterns and nursery designs make quaint rompers for the baby, and may be trimmed with plain contrasting linen collars and cuffs. Wool stitching on plain materials is pretty and decorative, and one may outline all sorts of fairy-tale figures with simple stitching in black or colors.

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